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A GRIPPING ISSUE IN
TRUEVISION

3D
EFFECT

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN!



NO 56
JUNE

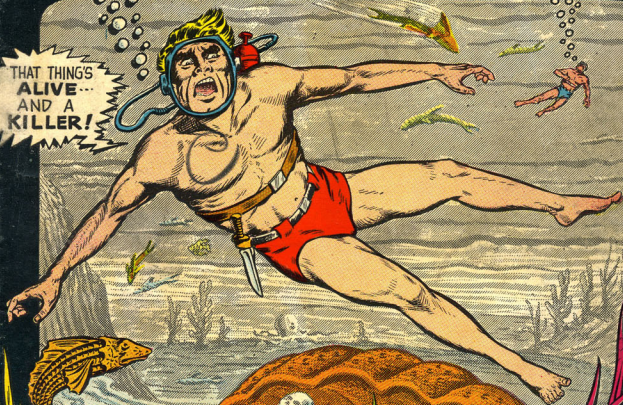
APR 23 1954

**FULL COLOR!
NO GLASSES!**



FATHOMS DEEP
IT LURKED—THE GRIM
MENACE THAT CLAIMED
MEN'S LIVES! DON'T
MISS "JEWELS OF THE DEEP!"

THAT THING'S
ALIVE...
AND A
KILLER!



HARRY
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THE TWO MEN IN THIS STORY HAVE NO NAMES! THEY WERE SENT ON A SECRET MISSION... AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY... THEY DIED A SECRET DEATH! THE CASTER OF SPELLS WOULD SAY IT HAD TO HAPPEN... ONCE THEIR GROPING HANDS UNCOVERED...

JEWELS OF THE DEEP



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THE JEWELS OF THE DEEP ARE A LEGEND AMONG THE ISLANDS SOUTH OF JAVA---BUT WHAT ARE THEY? ASK A WIZENED PEARL TRADER---CAN HE TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE FOUND?



GO TO THE FISHERMEN ON THE BEACH---DO THEIR STRANGE WORDS HOLD A CLUE?



A VEIL OF HORROR---AND IT FALLS INVISIBLY OVER THE BEGGARS IN THE BAZAAR---WHEN YOU SPEAK OF THE JEWELS OF THE DEEP!



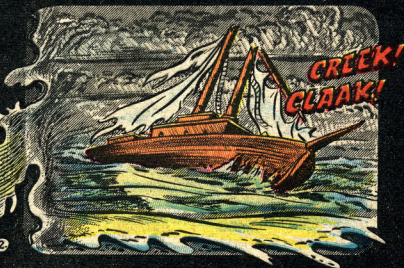
WHAT IS THIS MYSTERY AND THIS DREAD? CAN IT BE REVEALED BY MAGIC---BY A CASTER OF SPELLS?



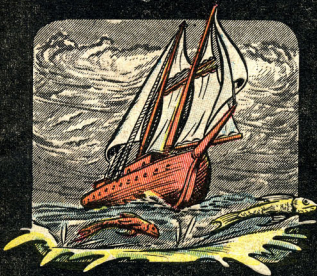
I SEE A DRIFTING SHIP... AND WHERE IT GOES --- ONLY THE CURRENTS KNOW!



"A DESERTED SHIP---WITH NOTHING BUT WINDS MOVING ALONG HER SUN-BLEACHED DECK!"



"ONCE, LONG AGO, IT SKIMMED OVER THE REEFS...AND COLOR SHATTERED INTO DARTING FRAGMENTS WHEREVER IT PASSED!"



"BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THAT DID NOT STIR IN THAT CLEAR GREEN SEA...A THING THAT STAYED IN ONE SPOT...AS IT HAD FOR CENTURIES! THIS WAS THE ANSWER...IN JAWS HUGE ENOUGH TO CRUSH A SHARK...THE ANSWER TO THE JEWELS OF THE DEEP!"



YOU CAN LEAVE THE HUT OF THE CASTER OF SPELLS NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN IT...THE TERRIBLE GIANT MOLLUSK OF THE JAVA SEA! BUT CAN YOU GUESS THE HIDEOUS LINK BETWEEN THAT FORSAKEN SHIP...AND THE JEWELS OF THE DEEP?

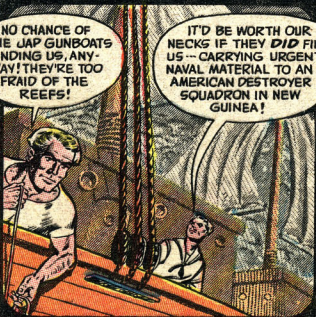


TWELVE YEARS AGO...THE SCHOONER ROCKED GENTLY IN THE REEF-STREWN SHALLOWS!



THERE ISN'T A PUFF OF WIND! FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS...WE WON'T BE MOVING FOR ANOTHER DAY OR TWO!

NO CHANCE OF THE JAP GUNBOATS FINDING US, ANYWAY! THEY'RE TOO AFRAID OF THE REEFS!

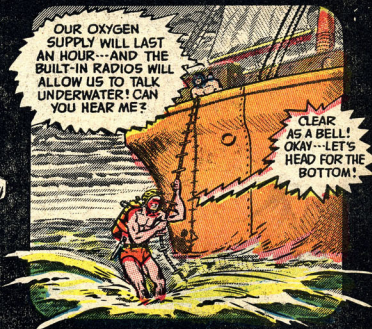
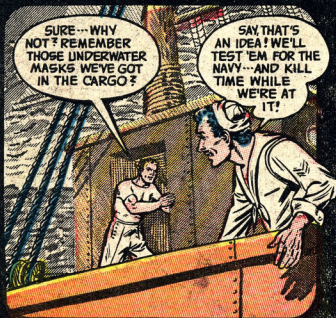


IT'D BE WORTH OUR NECKS IF THEY DID FIND US...CARRYING URGENT NAVAL MATERIAL TO AN AMERICAN DESTROYER SQUADRON IN NEW GUINEA!

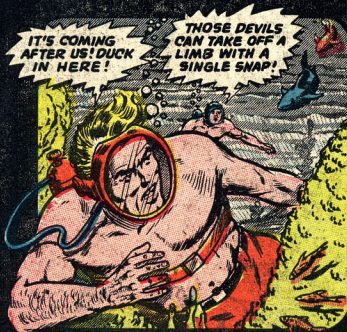
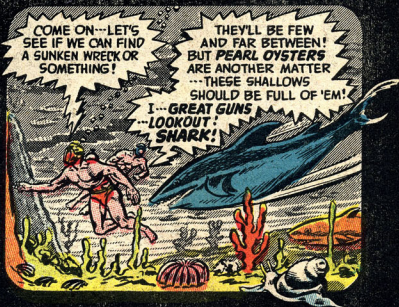
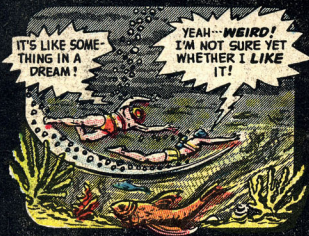
MY GOSH...LOOK AT THOSE FISH! THEY'RE LIKE TINY RAIN-BOWS!

YOU CAN SEE ALMOST TO THE BOTTOM! WHAT SAY WE GO DOWN FOR A LOOK-SEE?



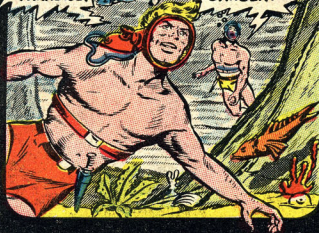


DOWN THEY PLUNGED... IN A FROTH OF SILVERY BUBBLES!

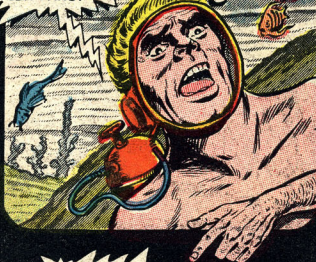


OH, WELL...
FORGET IT!
THIS IS NATURE
AT ITS BEST...
IT'S LIKE
PARADISE!

MAYBE! BUT
SOMETIMES NATURE'S
MOST BRILLIANT
COLORS MEAN JUST
ONE THING...
DANGER!

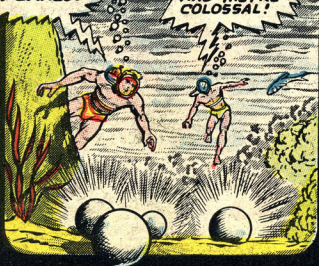


GOOD HEAVENS
...LOOK! THERE...
THERE... BEHIND
THOSE PURPLE
SEA FANS!



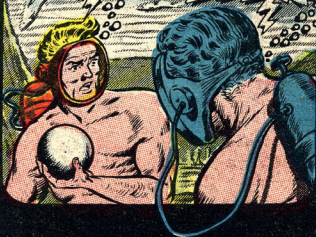
PEARLS!

AND THEY'RE
COLOSSAL!



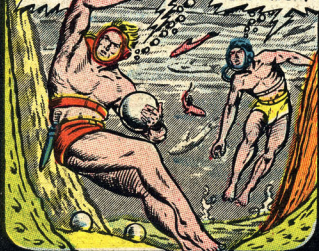
JEWELS OF THE
DEEP! LIFT ONE OF
'EM... THEY MUST BE
WORTH A FORTUNE!

BUT WHERE'D
THEY COME FROM?
PEARLS DON'T JUST
HAPPEN... THEY'VE
GOTTA BE MADE!



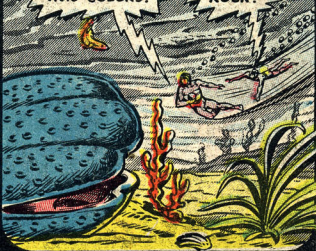
SAY, FEEL THAT?
THERE'S A STRANGE
CURRENT MOVING
THROUGH THE
WATER!

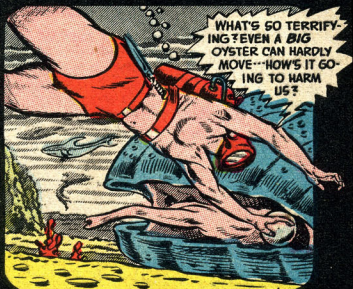
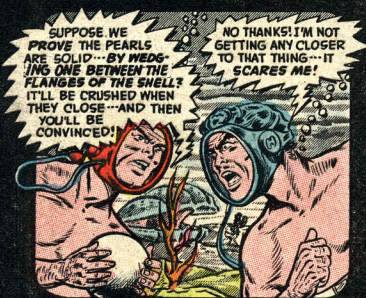
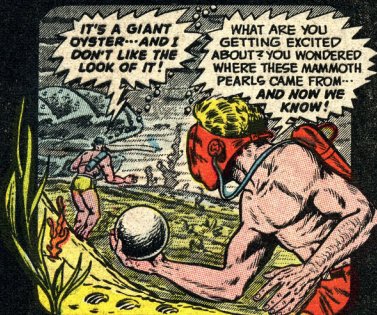
SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM OVER
THERE... NEAR THAT
BIG ROCK!



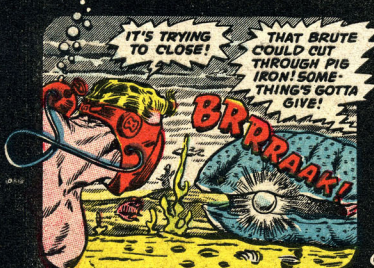
FUNNY PLACE
FOR A DARK ROCK
...AMONG ALL THESE
VIVID COLORS!

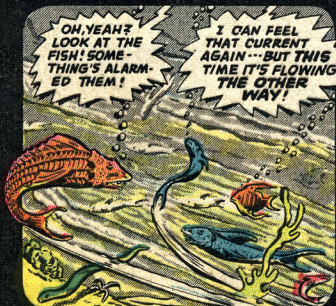
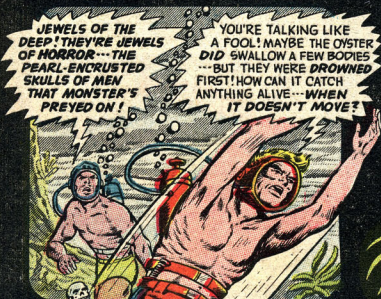
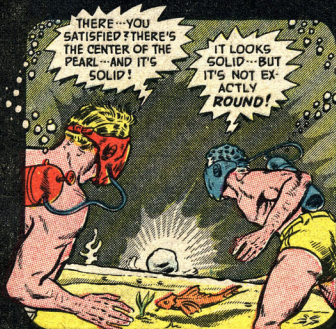
WAIT...
WAIT! IT
ISN'T A
ROCK!

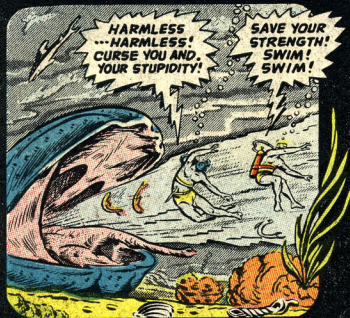




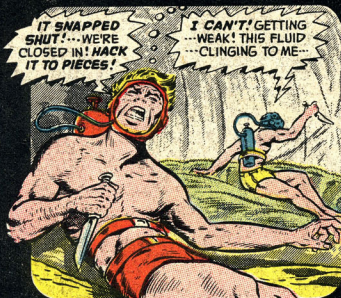
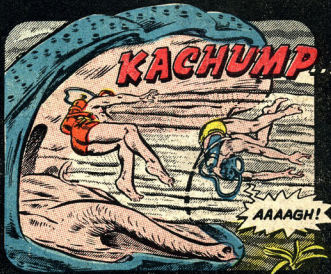
SLOWLY, THE WEIRD NECK DREW BACK...AND A GRATING RUMBLE ROSE FROM THE SHELL!



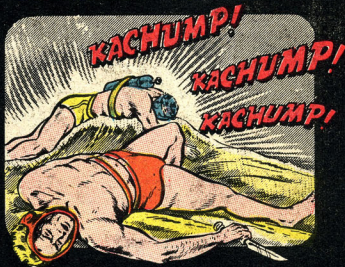




PANTING, THEY HEARD THE SQUISHY THUD OF THE PRIMITIVE HEART--AND THE SHELL GAPPED WIDER!

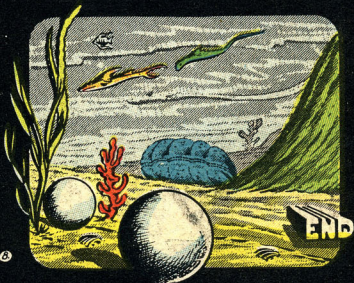


SOON THEIR LAST GASPS OF TERROR WERE STIFLED...IN THE WHITE AND LUSTROUS MANTLE WHICH COATED THEM...



IN TIME, THE AGE-OLD CREATURE GAVE UP WHAT REMAINED OF ITS PREY...TWO SHIMMERING SPHERES THAT ONCE HAD SCREAMED AMONG THE RIPPLING CORAL...

TWO NEW AND PRICELESS GEMS AMONG THE JEWELS OF THE DEEP!



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SWIFT JUSTICE!

THE LAW OF the six-shooter reigned supreme in the old west long after the Civil War. Justice was simple and swift, though not always sure. Outlaws and desperadoes were often hanged the same day they were caught. Trials, when they were held at all, rarely lasted more than an hour.

In the grim business of meting out frontier justice the name of Judge Clarence Slater has become a legend. Interest in his career stems largely from his incredible cruelty, but mainly because of his strange and violent death.

Slater ruled the frontier town of Burning Creek, Arizona with an iron and merciless hand. Statistics show that he sentenced more men to the gallows in five years than any judge in the history of the territory. The number of innocent among them has never been determined, but it appears that Slater was never troubled with the thought that he might ever have sent an innocent man to his death. Once he'd said in court, "Better to hang an innocent man once in a while than ever allow a guilty man to go free."

Despite his awful and bloody record as a judge, Slater would undoubtedly be forgotten today were it not for the still unexplained circumstances surrounding his bizarre death. The event occurred a few hours after he'd sentenced a man named Harold Parker to die for horse stealing. The facts are as follows...

Parker's trial had lasted less than thirty minutes, at which it was shown that the Easterner, a stranger, had ridden into town that morning on a horse which had been stolen from a Burning Creek rancher a year before. Parker swore he'd bought the horse in

Texas, but Slater had ridiculed the alibi. After all, what else could a horse thief say? True, the man spoke like a highly educated fellow, but outlaws were often slick operators. As for the man's pleas to send a telegram to his home in the East to corroborate the story that he was a business man, Slater curtly refused to waste time. Better to string the thief up without further ado than set bad precedents.

Despite the man's pitiable screams for mercy the sentence was carried out on the spot. But as the noose was put around his neck the hysterical Parker had screamed, "You're a murderer, Judge Slater! And if there's any justice in the beyond, I'll have my revenge! You'll die gasping for breath, too... and it'll be tonight!"

Slater had never been superstitious before, but as his servants testified later, that night he'd locked himself securely in his library. Toward midnight an awful shriek came from behind the closed doors...followed quickly by six shots. Then...silence.

When the door was forced open Judge Slater was found dead on the floor, strangled! In his hand was an empty six-shooter, still hot. Six slugs were picked from the walls. Since Slater was an excellent shot, whatever he'd been firing at was clearly not solid!

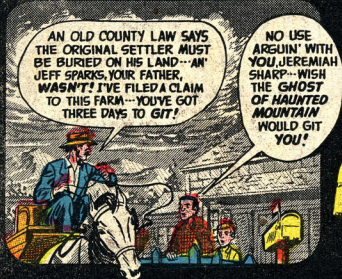
Folks in Burning Creek whispered about the mystifying death for a long time, but the case became nationally famous when it was learned that Harold Parker had indeed told the truth, and that a telegram to the East would have proved his innocence beyond doubt. But cruel old Judge Slater believed in swift justice, and perhaps this was exactly what he himself got.

HE WASN'T AN ORDINARY GHOST...BUT HE HAUNTED THE MOUNTAIN FOLK OF THE OZARKS WITH ALL OF THE STRANGE POWER OF THE SUPERNATURAL! HERE'S A FAST-PACED, EERIE STORY OF A BODY WHICH SOUGHT A GRAVE...OF WITCHES AND GHOULS...OF THE SINISTER MAGIC WROUGHT BY...

THE MOUNTAIN GHOST



NEAR THE VILLAGE OF DOGWOOD BEND...



"RIGHT THEN AN' THAR, ABIGAIL HEARD A BOOMIN' VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAIN--"

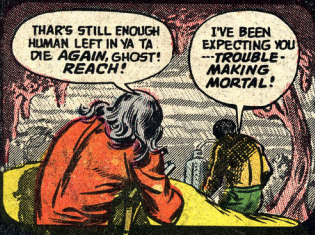


"ONE THING ABOUT ABIGAIL---SHE HAD COURAGE!
AND WHAT SHE WANTED WAS---REVENGE!"



HE---HE'S MADE MY FACE A
LAUGHIN'-STOCK! ONE WAY
OR ANOTHER---I'M SETTLIN'
WITH THE GHOST!

"SHE HUNTED UNTIL SHE FOUND HIM---STILL
MAKIN' HIS TRIPLE ACTION ELIXIR---"



THAT'S STILL ENOUGH
HUMAN LEFT IN YA TA
DIE AGAIN, GHOST!
REACH!

I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU
---TROUBLE-
MAKING
MORTAL!

"IN HIS FACE WAS AN ANGER FROM BEYOND
THE GRAVE---AN' AS ABIGAIL BACKED AWAY
IN FEAR---"



OH-HHH
---I'M
FALLIN'...

NOBODY EVER BLEW A SPIRIT APART
WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN
YET--- BUT I'M GONNA BE THE FIRST!



NOW LOOK IN-
TO MY FACE---AND
TELL ME THE LIES
YOU'VE UTTERED!



I'VE---SPREAD STORIES
---MADE JEFF SPARKS AN'
CLEM MCBRIDE HATE EACH
OTHER---NO, NO! O-DON'T
LOOK AT ME LIKE
THAT!

FOOL---
TO DARE MY
WRATH---



AEEOW!

CLEM MCBRIDE AND JEFF SPARKS
WERE FRIENDS--UNTIL HER GOSSIP
FRAMED THE MURDEROUS FEUD
THAT'S DUE TO BREAK OUT ANY
MOMENT!



BOTH MEN HAVE LARGE FAMILIES
--THERE'LL BE HUNDREDS OF DEATHS
IN THESE HILLS UNLESS I PUT A
STOP TO IT!



I'M IN TIME! THERE'S
MCBRIDE NOW--AT LEAST,
THE SHOOTING HASN'T
STARTED YET!



BUT WAIT--JEFF SPARKS IS
CRAWLING UP--AND IF THEY
START SHOOTING, THE
FEUD IS ON!



THEY DON'T KNOW THAT MY TRIPLE ACTION
ELIXIR HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS
NOW! JUST ONE SWALLOW--AND
ANYTHING I SAY COMES TRUE!



...AND I SAY THAT
THE WOOD THAT MCBRIDE
IS THROWING INTO HIS
FIRE SHALL BECOME--
DYNAMITE!



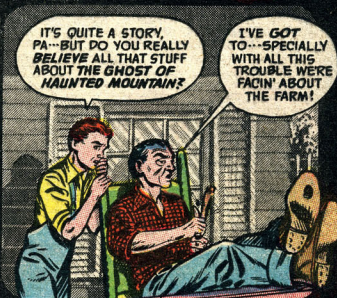
YER GONNA
DIE FER WHAT
YUH BEEN SAYIN'
ABOUT ME,
MCBRIDE!



I'VE DONE IT! THEY DIED...
BUT THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE
PERISHED IN THE FEUD HAVE
BEEN SAVED!



NOW HEAR MY WARNING, MORTALS!
STRAY FROM THE PATH OF RIGHT-
EOUSNESS...AND MY ANGER
SHALL STRIKE!



IT'S QUITE A STORY,
PA...BUT DO YOU REALLY
BELIEVE ALL THAT STUFF
ABOUT THE GHOST OF
HAUNTED MOUNTAIN?

I'VE GOT
TO...SPECIALLY
WITH ALL THIS
TROUBLE WE'RE
FACIN' ABOUT
THE FARM!



YUH SEE, THAT EXPLOSION HAPPENED!
THAT'S THE REASON YORE GRAND-
FATHER'S GRAVE ISN'T ON THE PRO-
PERTY...THAR JEST WARN'T ANY-
THIN' LEFT TO BURY!

THAT NIGHT, THE MOCKING FACE OF JEREMIAH
SHARP KEPT TIP AWAKE...



DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE
YORE GRANDPA'S BURIED!
YOU WON'T OWN THIS PRO-
PERTY MUCH LONGER!

NO...NO!
YOU CAN'T
HAVE
IT!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, PEERING THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, WAS SOMETHING EVEN **MORE** TERRIFYING!

SO...YOU'RE NOT A **BUT** SCARED, ARE YOU?

NOPE... I'M PLUMB **TERRIFIED!** BUT I'M NOT G-GONNA LEAVE...UNTIL I FIND THE **GHOST OF HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!**

HE HAD COURAGE ENOUGH TO SPEAK THE **TRUTH!** I WON'T ABANDON HIM TO **THOSE** CREATURES!

YOU SEEK ME, MY SON?

BACK--**BACK!** IT'S THE **GHOST HIMSELF!**

M-MY NAME'S **TIP SPARKS**...AN' I CAME UP HERE 'CAUSE WE NEED YER HELP **BAD!**

SPARKS... THAT NAME'S **FAMILIAR!** AH, YES...BLOWN UP WITH CLEM MCBRIDE TO WARD OFF A **MURDEROUS FEUD!**

PLEASE, GHOST... DON'T LET JEREMIAH SHARP TAKE OUR FARM JUST 'CAUSE **GRANDPA'S GRAVE** ISN'T ON THE PROPERTY!

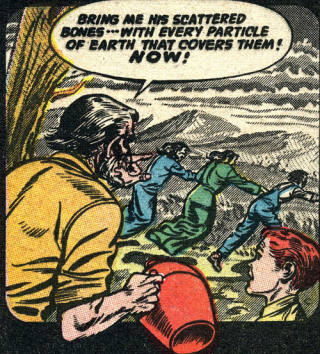
WHAT CAN I DO WHEN HIS SCATTERED RE-MAINS **HAVE NO GRAVE?**...**WAIT!** THERE MIGHT BE ONE WAY...

WHERE IS THE SOIL THAT COVERS THE RE-MAINS OF **JEFF SPARKS?**

THAT WAY!

OVER YONDER!

BACK THERE!



THEY BROUGHT SOIL AND BONES FROM POSSUM HOLLOW AND SASSAFRAS NOTCH...FROM EVERYWHERE! WITHIN AN HOUR...



THE FARM WAS SAVED...AND TIP NEVER CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN AGAIN! HE NEVER KNEW THAT NOW HE WAS BEING WATCHED FROM ABOVE BY TWO GHOSTS...



IT HAPPENED NOT LONG AGO AT A NEW AMERICAN RADAR OUTPOST IN THE REMOTE WOODS OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON! TWO TRAINED TECHNICIANS PEERED INTENTLY INTO THE RADARSCOPE---TRYING TO FATHOM THE STRANGE IMAGE BLINKING ON IT! LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT FOR THEM, THEIR EQUIPMENT WAS SENDING OUT---

SIGNALS OF DOOM!



LATER--- FUNNY, THE SCOPE'S
BEEN EMPTY NOW
FOR TWO HOURS! DO
YOU THINK THERE'S A
HITCH IN THE
EQUIPMENT?

I CHECKED IT ALL
THIS MORNING! IF
THAT THING APPEARS
AGAIN, WE'LL NOTIFY
HEADQUARTERS! CAN'T
TELL---IT *MIGHT* BE
A SECRET WEAPON!

SUDDENLY---

HOLY SMOKE---SOMEBODY'S
AT THE DOOR! BUT NOBODY'S
ALLOWED WITHIN MILES OF
HERE---AND THE
SUPPLIES AREN'T
DUE TILL
TOMORROW!

JUST ONE
WAY TO FIND
OUT, JOE---BY
ANSWERING
IT!



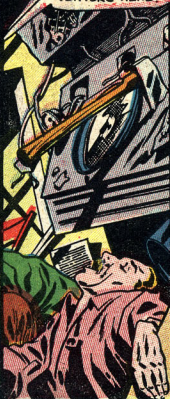
THEN---

NO---NO!
AI-EEE!



THE STRUGGLE WAS SHORT,
FUTILE!

THEY ARE DEAD
...AND THEIR ACCURSED
MACHINERY RUINED!
THUS TO ALL WHO
VENTURE HERE!



LATE THE NEXT DAY...
AT THE NEAREST U.S.
MILITARY HEADQUARTERS

I FOUND THE BODIES
WHEN I FLEW THEIR
SUPPLIES IN THIS
MORNING, SIR! ANY
IDEA WHO DID
IT?

NO--EXCEPT
THAT IT WAS A
HOMICIDAL FIEND!
AUTOPSIES SHOW
THAT THE BODIES
WERE COMPLETELY
**DRAINED OF
BLOOD**! MY TWO
ACE INVESTIGATORS
ARE ALREADY OUT
AT THE RADAR
SHACK--WITH IN-
STRUCTIONS TO
**FIND THE
KILLER AT
ALL COSTS!**



SECRET SERVICE
MEN GEORGE
FELLER AND JACK
SIMMS RANSACKED
THE SHACK FOR A
CLUE...WITHOUT
SUCCESS UNTIL...

JACK! OVER HERE!
LOOK...FOOTPRINTS!



GREAT SCOTT, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE THAT BEFORE! LOOKS
LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A HUMAN
AND A BIRD!

NOTICE HOW THE FOOTPRINTS
LEAD TOWARD THE SHACK...BUT
NOT AWAY FROM IT? C'MON, LET'S
FOLLOW THE PRINTS BACK!



DEEP IN THE LONELY
WOODS...

STRANGE, HERE'S A DEAD
BAT...AND IT LOOKS LIKE
IT CRASHED INTO SOME-
THING! VERY STRANGE,
...BECAUSE THAT'S
SOMETHING BATS
NEVER DO!

LOOK OVER
HERE, GEORGE
...HERE'S
ANOTHER!



AS THE SEARCH
CONTINUED...

GUESS THE BATS ROOST
IN THAT HUGE CAVE UP
THERE! JUST WHAT DID
YOU MEAN--THAT BATS
DON'T CRASH INTO
THINGS?

EVER
WONDER HOW
THEY CAN FLY IN
PITCH BLACK
CAVES AND
ATTICS? IT
SEEMS THEY
SEND OUT TINY
SIGNALS WHICH
BOUNCE BACK OFF
NEARBY OBJECTS--
TELLING THEM IF
ANYTHING'S AHEAD!
THEY OPERATE SOME-
THING LIKE...LIKE...
RADAR!...GREAT
GUNS! I'VE GOT A
FANTASTIC
IDEA!



BACK AT MILITARY HEAD-
QUARTERS...

NONSENSE! I DON'T
BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS!
BESIDES, I CAN'T GET
YOU FOUR MOBILE RADAR
UNITS ON SUCH SHORT
NOTICE--IF YOU'RE
WRONG, I'D BE THE
LAUGHING STOCK
OF THE
ARMY!

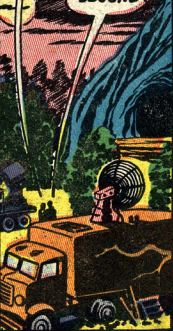
I'M NOT
WRONG, SIR
...IT ALL ADDS
UP! YOU'VE GOT
TO TRUST ME...
PLEASE!



LATE THE FOLLOWING
NIGHT...

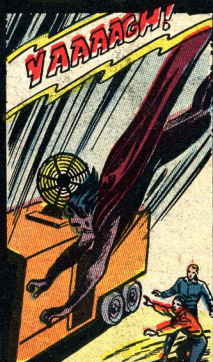
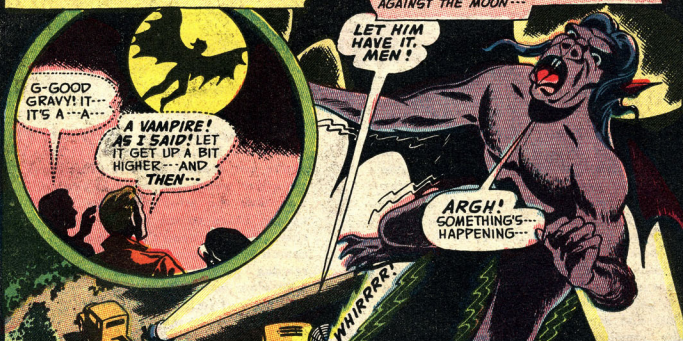
WE'VE GOT RADAR UNITS
AND SPOTLIGHTS SURROUND-
ING THE AREA, GEORGE!

GOOD! IF I'M
RIGHT, THE
KILLER WILL
EMERGE FROM
THAT CAVE ANY
SECOND!



AS THE TENSE MOMENTS PASS, SUDDENLY---

AS THE FEARFUL CREATURE FLAPPED HIGH
AGAINST THE MOON---



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS---

OKAY, BRAIN-BOY
---EXPLAIN!

SIMPLE! I KNEW THAT
SOMETHING HAD DIS-
RUPTED THE FLYING MECHANISM
OF THOSE DEAD BATS!
THERE WAS RADAR IN THE AREA
---WHICH OPERATES ON THE SAME
PRINCIPLE---STRONG ENOUGH TO
JAM THE BAT'S RECEPTION!

NOW A VAMPIRE IS ALSO A BAT---WHICH MEANT
THAT THE RADAR CONFUSED HIM ENOUGH TO MAKE
FLIGHT DANGEROUS---THOUGH NOT FATAL BE-
CAUSE OF HIS SIZE AND STRENGTH! IT TOOK
SEVERAL UNITS FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS
TO MAKE HIM LOSE HIS POWER TO FLY COM-
PLETELY.*HOW DID I KNOW

IT WAS A VAMPIRE? WELL,
WHAT ELSE COULD
WALK UP TO A CABIN
AND FLY AWAY? AND
WHAT ELSE WOULD
LEAVE ITS VICTIMS
DRAINED OF
BLOOD?





OUR MEETING THIS month will be given over to a short discussion of the changes that have taken place in the field of comics magazines during the two decades which have witnessed their growth from an infant industry to the world-wide proportions evident in 1954. It's been a notable record of progress. At the beginning art was crude and elementary, as was story, and the mechanical processes of publication produced a comparatively dull and sloppy product. But time...and the growing discrimination of readers...has wrought wonders. Nowadays, comics are well drawn and attractive, and the stories which they tell have been improved immeasurably. And improved engraving and printing have made possible bright, colorful and eye-catching magazines.

We'd call it a wonderful record of advancement...and are proud to state that we've contributed a goodly share to it. In the years during which the American Comics Group has functioned, it has played a constructive pioneering role within the comics realm, and contributed many "firsts" to its progress. For instance, there was the first all-supernatural

comics magazine..."Adventures Into The Unknown". Yes, this...the very publication you're now reading...was the forerunner of the entire weird-story trend in comics, and was thus the principal factor in raising comics sales to the highest level of all time. But this wasn't all! In our constant search for only the best and newest for our reading public, we've come up with a miraculous and exclusive 3-D process that for depth of field and easy-to-read clarity beats anything on the market!

That's Truevision...which you can see within this very issue. It lends 3-dimensional thrills to "Jewels of the Deep", a weird undersea story that will intrigue you. You'll see it in "The Mountain Ghost"...and tense to the illusion of eerie life that it brings. And you'll never forget the pulsing excitement that it brings to "Where The Fire Fell"...as intriguing a supernatural yarn as you've ever read!

Please...tell us how you like Truevision! Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Interested in what some of our other readers say? Here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

I needn't tell you how good your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' was last issue...you already know! But I can tell you your Truevision is wonderful! Please continue using it!

--Gayleen Harmon, Longview, Texas"

"Dear Editor:-

I've been reading supernatural comics for a long time, but 'Adventures Into The Unknown' I consider one of the very best. I like your new Truevision. It helps bring to life stories which are already full of suspense and mystery. I wish that your books were 25¢ size, so I could have lots more wonderful stories to read. Even my husband reads your books, and he is hard to please. Keep your magazine...and Truevision...coming, and you'll always have us as loyal fans!

--Mrs. Viola Noyes, Newcomb, N. Y."

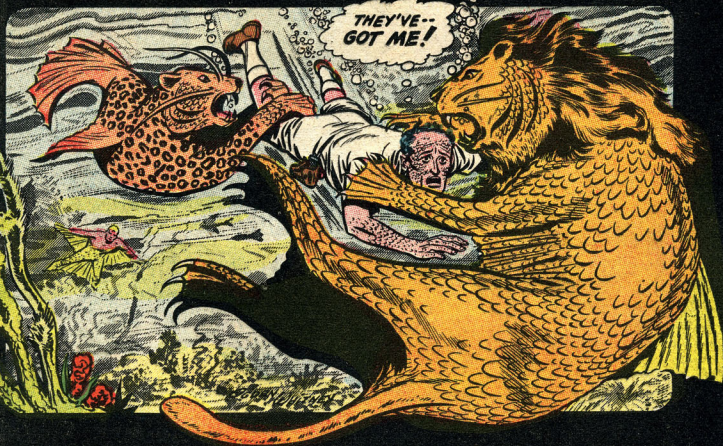
"Dear Editor:-

Let me congratulate 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for its outstanding work in the field of comic-book realism. The artwork is superb, and Truevision truly gives the feeling of depth. The black background, too, makes for a very noticeable improvement. Keep up the fine work!

--Larry Gilbert, Waxahachie, Texas"

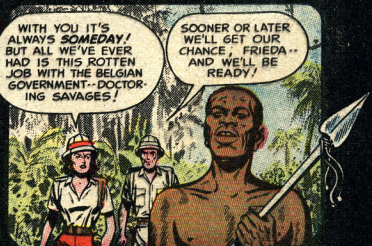
GREED WAS THE SPUR AND VAST WEALTH THE PRIZE-- GOADING TWO MORTALS INTO THE MYSTERIOUS REALM --

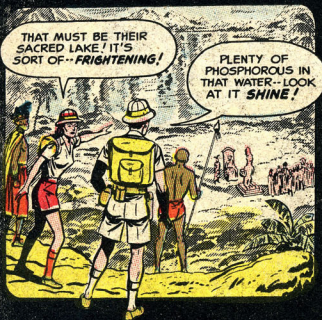
WHERE THE FIRE FELL!



IN THE HEART OF THE BELGIAN CONGO --

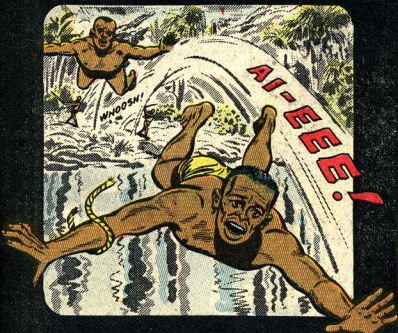
THEY WERE MARRIED -- A JUNGLE DOCTOR--
NURSE TEAM --





BEFORE THE JEBANOE CHIEF --





IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE --



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, OTHER PLANS WERE BEING HATCHED --



I'VE GOT A PLAN, IF YOU'RE GAME! THE CHIEF EXPECTS US TO SHOOT EVERYBODY FULL OF MEDICINE! BUT SUPPOSE WE FILL THE HYPOS WITH A SLOW-ACTING POISON--?

FRIEDA, YOU'RE A-- GENIUS!

LATE THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE PLOTTERS SLEPT--

HALF WITH FRESH WATER--
HALF WITH THIS!

NEXT MORNING --

OUR MEDICINE WILL MAKE YOUR PEOPLE SICK FOR A SHORT TIME-- WITH MUCH PAIN! BUT **EVERY-BODY** MUST TAKE SHOTS--UNDERSTAND?

IT SHALL BE DONE--MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

SOON AFTER THE WORK WAS DONE --

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE**, WHITE ONES? MY PEOPLE FALL TO EARTH LIKE FLIES!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF--THEY'LL BE **FINE** SOON!

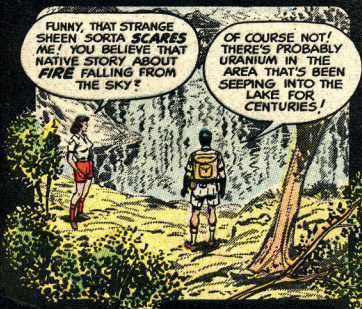
YOU LIE!
YOU--AAGH!

QUICK, FRIEDA--LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE THE ONES THAT'VE GOT ANY STRENGTH LEFT RUSH US! WE MAY HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!

BANG!

GUESS NOT--THAT STUFF ACTED FASTER THAN WE FIGURED! WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

LET'S CLIMB UP TO THE LAKE! THE QUICKER THIS IS OVER--THE BETTER!





DO SOME-
THING! MY
FLESH STINGS
LIKE FIRE!

I'LL USE SOME
OINTMENT-- YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT
BY MORNING!



IT STILL
HURTS! DIRK,
I'M SCARED!

WE'LL SPEND
THE NIGHT
HERE AND
FINISH
GATHERING
THE LOOT
AT DAWN!
**STOP
WHIN-
ING!**



I WON'T BE
ABLE TO SLEEP,
DIRK! THE
PAIN--

FOR PETE'S SAKE,
FORGET IT! JUST FEAST
YOUR EYES ON **THIS**
AND THINK WHAT IT'LL BRING
WHEN WE GET BACK TO
CIVILIZATION!

SLEEP FINALLY CAME TO FRIEDA -- WITH
STRANGE, FITFUL DREAMS!



NO--
HELP!
HELP!



FRIEDA-- WHAT'S
WRONG? YOU
WERE YELLING!

IT WAS **AWFUL**, DIRK!
I DREAMED ABOUT--
THINGS-- SWIMMING
IN WATER! FISH
WITH **FUR**-- WITH
ARMS AND LEGS--
AS IF THEY WERE
ONCE **ANIMALS!**



IT WAS JUST A
NIGHTMARE-- THAT'S
ALL! NOW GET
SOME REST!

BUT IT WAS
SO **HORRIBLE!**
SO **REAL!**

AT DAWN--



BUT WHEN THE BANDAGE WAS CUT AWAY--



BUT AS THE INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION
SWEEPED OVER THEM--



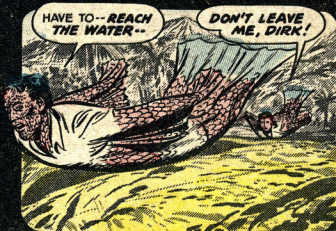
CALLING UPON HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH--
DIRK REACHED THE LAKE--



IN THE AWFUL DEPTHS OF THE IRRIDESCENT LAKE,
THE THING THAT HAD BEEN DIRK ACHIEVED ITS
FINAL HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION! AROUND HIM,
STRANGE SUBMARINE MONSTERS SWAM--
MOTTLED, STRIPED, FUR-BEARING--CREATURES
THAT HAD ONCE WALKED THE EARTH!



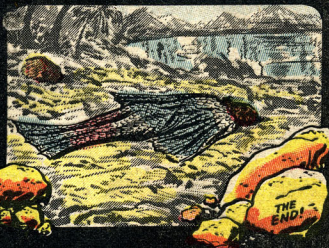
SWIFTLY, THE AWFUL, WEBBY MATERIAL OVER-
POWERED THEM! UNABLE TO RUN, OR EVEN WALK
-- BUT SEIZED WITH AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE TO
REACH THE LAKE--THEY COULD ONLY FLAP
HELPLESSLY!



BUT FRIEDA'S STRENGTH FAILED TOO SOON!
AS THE FITILESS SUN BEAT DOWN--



A TERRIBLE FATE, YES! BUT WAS IT WORSE THAN
FRIEDA'S, WHO LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER,
GASPED HER LIFE OUT UNDER THE BLAZING TROPICAL
SKIES?



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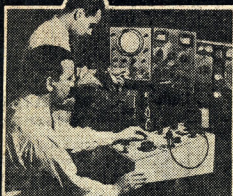
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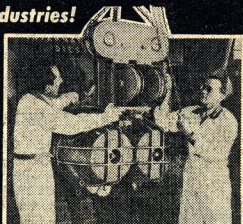
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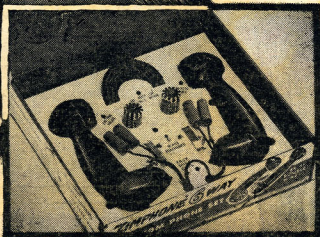


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